WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOT

495

House of Falkland.

151

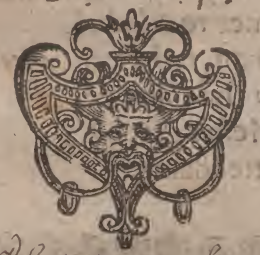
The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of *VENICE.*

With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* the Iewe towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtaining of PORTIA by the choice *of three Chests.*

As it hath beene divers times acted by the *Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.*

Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

3 7 ff. 4 b.



see Biog Dra – 3rd Edition see Stevens Vol 1 Pa 441.

LONDON,
Printed by *M. P.* for *Laurence Hayes*, and are to be sold at his Shop on Fleetbridge. 1637.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

The Actors Names.

The Duke of *Venice.*
Morochus, a Prince, and a Sutor to *Portia.*
The Prince of *Aragon*, Sutor alſo to *Portia.*
Baſſanio, an Italian Lord, Sutor likewiſe to *Portia.*
Anthonio, a Merchant of *Venice.*
Salarino,
Salanio, } Gentlemen of *Venice*, and Compa-
Gratiano, } nions with *Baſſanio.*
Lorenſo,
Shylock, the rich Iew, and Father of *Ieſſica.*
Tuball, a Iew, *Shilocks* Friend.
Portia, the rich Italian Lady.
Nerriſſa, her wayting-Gentlewoman.
Ieſſica, Daughter to *Shylock.*
Gobbo, an old man, father to *Lancelot.*
Lancelot Gobbo the Clowne.
Stephano, a Meſſenger.
Iaylor, and Attendants.

SCENE, *partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia.*

The Comicall Hiſtory of the Merchant of *Venice.*

Enter *Anthonio, Salarino,* and *Salanio.*

Anth. IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me, you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuffe tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne:
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſſe makes of me,
That I have much adoe to know my ſelfe.
Salar. Your mind is toſſing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portly ſayle,
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the Sea,
Doe over-peere the pettie-traffiquers,
That courſie to them doe them reverence,
As they flie by them with their woven vvings.
Salan. Beleeve me ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſſe to know where ſits the vvinde,
Prying in Maps for Ports, and Peeres, and Rodes:
And every object that might make me feare
Miſ-fortunes to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.
Salar. My vvind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a vvind too great might doe at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandie houre-glaſſe runne,
But I ſhould thinke of Shallowes and of Flatts,
And ſee my vvealthy *Andrew* docksin ſand,
Vayling her high top lower then her ribs,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

To kiſſe her buriall ; ſhould I goe to Church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veſſels ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enroabe the roaring water with my ſilkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought
That ſuch a thing bechanc'd vvould make me ſad ?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke upon his merchandize.
Anth. Beleeve me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeare :
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.
Sala. Why then you are in love. *Anth.* Fie, fie.
Sal. Not in love neither : then let us ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry ; and twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time :
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a Pagpiper.
And other of ſuch Vineger-aſpect,
That they'l not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſweare the jeſt be laughable.

Enter *Baſſanio*, *Lorenſo*, and *Gratiano*.

Sala. Here comes *Baſſanio* your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Fare ye well,
We leave you now vvith better company.
Salan. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very deare in my regard.
I take it your owne buſineſſe calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow my good Lords.

Baſſ. Good ſignors both, when ſhall we laugh ? ſay, when ?
You grow exceeding ſtrange : muſt it be ſo ?
Sal. Weele make our leyſures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and *Salanio*.

Lor. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you have found *Anthonio*,
We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you have in minde vvhere vve muſt meete.
Baſſ. I vvill not faile you.
Gra. You looke not vvell ſignior *Anthonio*,
You have too much reſpect upon the vvorld :
They looſe it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeve me you are mervellouſly chang'd.
Ant. I hold the vvorld but as the vvorld, *Grataino*,
A ſtage, vvhere every man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.
Grat. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckes come,
And let my liver rather heate vvith vvine
Then my heart coole vvith mortifying groanes.
Why ſhould a man whoſe blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandſire, cut in Alablaſter :
Sleepe when he vvakes ? and creepe into the Iaundies
By being peeviſh ? I tell thee vvhat *Anthonio*,
I love thee, and tis my love that ſpeakes :
There are a ſort of men whoſe viſages
Doe creame and mantle like a ſtanding Pond,
And doe a wilfull ſtilneſſe entertaine,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of vviſdome, gravitie, profound conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am ſir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio* I doe know of theſe
That therefore onely are reputed wiſe
For ſaying nothing ; when I am very ſure
If they ſhould ſpeake, would almoſt dant thoſe eares,
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fiſh not with this melancholy baite

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

For this foole Gudgin, this Opinion:
Come good *Lorenſo*, fare ye vvell awhile,
Ile end my Exhortation after dinner.
Loren. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeake.
Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.
Ant. Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.
Gra. Thanks yfaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dried, and a mayd not vendible. *Exeunt.*
Ant. It is that any thing now.
Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all *Venice*; his reaſons are as two graines of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhal ſeeke all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.
Ant. Well, tell me now vvhat Lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of.
Baſſ. Tis not unknowne to you *Anthonio*,
Hovv much I have diſſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhovving a more ſwelling port,
Than my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor doe I now make moane to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my chiefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts,
Wherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in money and in love,
And from your love I have a vvarrantie
To unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
Hovv to get cleare of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelfe ſtill doe,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt meanes
Lye all unlockt to your occaſions.
Baſſ. In my Schoole daies, when I had loſt one ſhaft,

I ſhot his fellow of the ſelfe ſame flight
The ſelfe ſame vvay, vvith more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this child-hood proofe,
Becauſe what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelfe way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard backe againe,
And thankefully reſt debter for the firſt.
An. You know me well, and herein ſpend but time
To winde about my love with circumſtance,
And out of doubt you do me now more vvrong
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt
Then if you had made vvaſt of all I have:
Then doe but ſay to me vvhat I ſhould doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore ſpeake.
Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is faire, and fairer then that vvord,
Of vvondrous vertues; ſometimes from her eyes
I did receive faire ſpeechleſſe meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervallew'd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide vvorld ignorant of her vvorth,
For the foure vvinds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſutors, and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont Cholchos* ſtrond,
And many *Iaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a rivall place vvith one of them,
I have a minde preſages me ſuch thrift
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be fortunate.
Anth. Thou knowſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither have I money, nor commoditie

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

To raiſe a preſent ſumme ; therefore goe forth,
Trie what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That ſhall be rackt even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmount* to faire *Portia*.
Goe preſently enquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is, and I no queſtion make
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Portia* with her wating-woman *Nerriſſa*.

Por. By my troth *Nerriſſa*, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame aboundance as your good fortunes are : and yet for ought I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing ; it is no meane happines therefore to be ſeated in the meane, ſuperfluitie comes ſooner by white haires, but competencie lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well follow'd.

Por. If to do were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces, it is a good divine that followes his owne inſtructions, I can eaſier teach twenty vvhat were good to be done, then to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching : the braine may deviſe lawes for the blood, but a hote temper leapes ore a cold decree, ſuch a hare is madnes the youth, to skip ore the meſhes of good counſell the cripple ; but this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe me a husband, ô mee the word chooſe, I may neither chooſe who I would, nor refuſe who I diſlike, ſo is the wil of a lyving daughter curbd by the will of a dead father : is it not harde *Nerriſſa*, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none.

Ner. Your Father was ever vertuous, and holy men at their death have good inſpirations, therefore the lottry that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſilver, and leade, vvhereof who chooſes his meaning chooſes you, will no doubt never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love : But vvhat warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe Princely ſuters that are already come ?

Por.

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription, levell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the *Neopolitane* Prince.

Por. I, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talke of his horſe, and he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts, that he can ſhooe him himſelfe : I am much afear'd my Ladie his mother plaid falſe with a Smith.

Ner. Then is there the Countie *Palentine*.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who ſhould ſay, and you will not have me, chooſe ; he heares merry tales and ſmiles not ; I feare hee will prove the weeping Philoſopher vvhen hee growes old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſſe in his youth.) I had rather be married to a Death's-head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe : God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, *Mounſier Le Boune ?*

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſſe for a man, in truth I know it is a ſin to be a mocker, but hee, why hee hath a horſe better than the *Neopolitans*, a better bad habite of frowning than the Count *Palentine*, he is every man in no man ; if a Traſſell ſing, he ſtraight fals a capering, he will fence with his owne ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands : if he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madneſſe, I ſhall never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Fauconbridge*, the young Baron of *England ?*

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the Court, and ſweare that I have a poore penny-worth in the Engliſh : he is a proper mans picture, but alas, who can converſe with a dumbe ſhow ? how odly he is ſuted, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What thinke you of the Scottiſh Lord his neighbour ?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a box of the eare of the Engliſhman, and ſwore he would pay him againe when he was able : I thinke the Frenchman became his Suretie, and ſeal'd under for another.

Ner.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxonies nephew?

Por. Very vildly in the morning when hee is ſober, and moſt videly in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, and when he is worſt he is little better then a beaſt, and the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to goe without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Casket, you ſhould refuſe to performe your Fathers will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deepe glaſſe of Reyniſh wine on the contrary Casket, for if the Devill be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will doe any thing *Nerriſſa* ere I wil be married to a ſpunge.

Ner. You needs not feare Lady the having any of theſe Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſute, unleſſe you may be wonne by ſome other ſort then your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be old as *Sibilla*, I will die as chaſte as *Diana*, unleſſe I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of woers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence: and I pray God grant them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Lady, in your Fathers time, a Venetian, a Scholler and a Souldier that came hither in company of the Marqueſſe of *Mountferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I thinke ſo was he call'd.

Ner. True Madam, he of all the men that ever my fooliſh eies look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a faire Ladie.

Por. I remember him wel, & I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.
How now, what newes?

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. The foure ſtrangers ſeeke for you Madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maſter will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with ſo good heart as I can

bid the other foure farewell, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a Devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me then wive me. Come *Nerriſſa*, ſirra goe before: whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio with Shilocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thouſand Ducates, well.

Baſ. I ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baſ. For the which as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall be come bound, vvell.

Baſ. May you ſted me? Will you pleaſure me?
Shall I know your anſwer.

Shy. Three thouſand Ducats for three months,
and *Anthonio* bound.

Baſ. Your anſwer to that. *Shy.* *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying hee is a good man, is to have you underſtand mee that hee is ſufficient, yet his meanes are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*, I underſtand moreover upon the *Ryalto*, hee hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures he hath ſquandred abroad, but Ships are but boardes, Saylers but men, there be land Rats, and water Rats, water Theeves, and land Theeves, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perill of waters, vvindes, and Rockes: the man is notwithſtanding ſufficient; three thouſand Ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Baſ. Be aſſur'd you may.

Iew. I will be aſſur'd I may: and that I may be aſſur'd, I will bethinke me, may I ſpeake with *Anthonio*?

Baſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Iew. Yes, to ſmell Porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarit conjured the devil into: I wil buy with you, ſell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and ſo following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the *Rialto*, who is he comes heere?

Baſ. This is ſignior *Anthonio.* Enter *Anthonio.*

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.

 I hate

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he railes,
Even there vvhere Merchants moſt doe congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he cals Intereſt: Curſed be my Tribe
If I forgive him. *Baſſ. Shylocke*, doe you heare?
Shyl. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the neere gueſſe of my memorie,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſſe
Of full three thouſand Ducats: vvhat of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Doe you deſire? Reſt you faire good Signior,
Your worſhip vvas the laſt man in our mouthes.
Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of exceſſe,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a cuſtome: is he yet poſſeſt
How much ye would? *Shyl.* I, I, three thouſand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shyl. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your Bond: and let me ſee, but heare you,
Me thought you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon advantage. *Ant.* I doe never uſe it.
Shyl. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* vvas
(As his wiſe Mother vvrought in his behalfe)
The third Poſſeſſor; I, hee vvas the third.
Ant. And vvhat of him, did he take Intereſt?
Shyl. No, not take Intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly Intereſt; marke vvhat *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelfe vvas compremiz'd,
That all the Eanelings vvhich vvere ſtreak't and pied

Should fall as *Iacobs* hire, the Ewes being ranke
In end of Autumne, turned to the Rammes;
And vvhen the worke of generation was
Betweene theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull Shepherd pyl'd me certaine vvands;
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He ſtucke them up before the fulſome Ewes,
Who then conceaving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd Lambs, and thoſe vvere *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt:
And thrift is Bleſſing, if men ſteale it not.
Ant. This vvas a venture Sir, that *Iacob* ſerv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to paſſe,
But ſwaid and faſhion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make Intereſt good;
Or is your gold and ſilver, Ewes and Rammes?
Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breed as faſt;
But note mee Signior.
Ant. Marke you this, *Baſſanio*,
The Devill can cite Scripture for his purpoſe;
An evill ſoule producing holy vvitneſſe,
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly out-ſide Falſhood hath!
Shyl. Three thouſand Ducats, 'tis a good round Sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?
Shyl. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft,
In the Ryalto, you have rated mee
About my monies and my uſances,
Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug:
(For ſuffrance is the badge of all our Tribe)
You call me miſ-beleever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpet upon my Jewiſh gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that vvhich is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you need my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylocke, we would have monies, you ſay ſo:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

You that did voyd your rhume upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurne a stranger curre
Over your threshold: moneyes is your suite,
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a Dog money? is it possible,
A Curre can lend three thousand Ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,
With bated breath, and whispering humblenesse
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me such a day another time,
You call'd me Dogge: and for these curtesies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on the againe, to spurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends: for when did friendship take
A breed for barren mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine Enemy,
Who if hee breake, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty. *Shy.* Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyt
Of Vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me:
This is kind I offer. *Ant.* This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I shew:
Goe with mee to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single Bond, and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such summe or summes as are
Expresst in the Condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content infaith, Ile seale to such a Bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seale to such a Bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my necessitie.

Ant. Why

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This Bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the value of this Bond.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others; Pray you tell me this,
If he should breake his day, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates; I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so, if not, adiew,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will seale unto this Bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notaries,
Give him direction for this merry Bond,
And I will goe and purse the Ducats strait,
See to my house left in the fearefull guard
Of an unthriftie knave, and presently
Ile be with you. *Exit.* *Ant.* Hie thee gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turne Christian, he growes kinde.

Bass. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Morochus, *a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with* Portia, Nerrissa, *& their traine.*

Acte

Moroc. Mislike me not for my Complexion,
The shadowed Livery of the burnisht Sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayrest Creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phabus* fire scarce thawes the yscicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; (by my Love I sweare)

The

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I vvould not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts, my gentle Queene.
Por. In termes of choiſe, I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a Maidens eyes:
Beſides, the Lotterie of my Deſtinie
Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted mee,
And hedg'd me by his vvit, to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you;
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) then ſtood as faire
As any commer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection. *Mor.* Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this *Symitare*
That ſlew the *Sophy*, and a Perſian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solyman*;
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke,
Out-brave the Heart moſt daring on the earth,
Plucke the young ſucking Cubs from the ſhe-Beare;
Yea, mock the Lyon vvhen a rores for pray,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miſſe that which one unworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving. *Por.* You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come, bring me unto my chance.
Por. Firſt, forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazzard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt or curſedſt amongſt men. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to runne from this Iewe my Maſter: the fiend is at my elbow, and temps me, ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe*, good *Lancelet*, or good *Iobbe*, or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, uſe your legges, take the ſtart, runne away; my conſcience ſayes no, take heede honeſt *Launcelet*, take heede honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaide honeſt *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heavens rouſe up a brave minde ſayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to me: my honeſt friend *Launcelet* being an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne; for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmacke, ſomething grow to; he had a kind of taſt; well, my conſcience ſayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge ſayes the fiend, bouge not ſayes my conſcience; conſcience, ſay I, you counſell well, fiend, ſay I, you counſell well, to be rul'd by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Iewe my Maſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of devill; and to runne away from the Iew I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſaving your reverence is the devill himſelfe: certainly the Iew is the very devill incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile me to ſtay with the Iewe, the fiend gives the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Maſter young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to maſter Iewes?

Launcelet. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand blinde, high gravell blinde, knowes me not; I will try confuſions with him.

Gobbo. Maſter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maſter Iewes.

Launcelet Turne up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne down indirectly to the Iewes houſe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Gob. Be Gods ſonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*, marke mee nowe, now will I raiſe the vvaters; talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Maſter ſir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to live.

Launc. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your vvorſhips friend and *Launcelet* ſir.

Launc. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you, talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet?*

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant ſhall pleaſe your worſhip.

Launc. Ergo, Maſter *Launcelet*, talke not of Maſter *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Deſtenies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the Siſters three, and ſuch branches of learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine termes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry; God forbid, the boy was the very ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Launc. Doe I looke like a cudgell, or a hovell poſt, a ſtaffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father?

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy, God reſt his ſoule, alive or dead.

Launc. Doe you not know me Father?

Gob. Alack ſir I am Sand-blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing of me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne childe. VVell, old man, I will tell you newes of your Sonne, give mee your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mans Sonne may, but in the ende, truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſtand up, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Launce. Pray you let's have no more fooling, about it, but give mee

mee your bleſſing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your ſonne that is, your childe that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my Sonne.

Launc. I know not what I ſhall thinke of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am ſure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be ſworne, if thou be *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might he be, what a beard haſt thou got; thou haſt got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my phil-horſe has on his taile.

Launc. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am ſure he had more haire of his taile then I have of my face when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how doſt thou and thy Maſter agree, I have brought him a preſent; how gree you now?

Launc. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have runne ſome ground; my Maſter's a very Iewe, give him a preſent, give him a halter, I am famiſht in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your preſent to one Maſter *Baſſanio*, who indeede gives rare new Lyveries, if I ſerve not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I ſerve the Iewe any longer.

Enter Baſſanio with a follower or two.

Baſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee theſe Letters delivered, put the Liveries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Launc. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercie, wouldſt thou ought with me?

Gob. Heere's my Sonne ſir, a poore boy.

Launc. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich Iews man, that would ſir, as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection ſir, as one would ſay to ſerve.

Laun. Indeede the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Iew, and have a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Gob. His Master and he (saving your worships reverence) are scarce catercosins.

Laun. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew having done me wrong, doth cause me as my father being I hope an old man shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have heere a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suite is.

Laun. In very briefe, the suit is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Bas. One speake for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter sir.

Bas. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite,
Shylocke thy Master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferd thee, if it bee preferment
To leave a rich Iewes service, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old proverb is very well parted between my Master *Shylocke* and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

Bas. Thou speakst it well; goe Father with thy Sonne,
Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire
My lodging out: give him a Livery
More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have nere a tong in my head: Well, if any man in *Italy* have a fayrer table which doth offer to sweare upon a booke, I shall have good fortune; go too, heere's a simple lyne of life, heeres a small trifle of wives, alas, fifteene wives is nothing; a leven widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leave of the Iew in the twinkling. *Exit Clowne.*

Bas. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed,
Returne in hast, for I doe feast to night

My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee, goe.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein. *Exit Leon.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master? *Leonar.* Yonder sir he walkes.

Grati. Signior *Bassanio.* *Bas.* *Gratiano.*

Gra. I have a suit to you. *Bas.* You have obtaind it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must goe with you to *Belmont.*

Bas. VVhy then you must, but heare me *Gratiano,*
Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults:
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberall; pray thee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstred in the place I goe to,
And lose my hope. *Gra.* Signior *Bassanio,* heare me,
If I doe not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respect, and sweare but now and then,
VVeare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:
Vse all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Bas. VVell, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night. *Bas.* No, that were pitty,
I would intreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suite of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but fare you well,
I have some busines.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenso* and the rest,
But we will visit you at supper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iessica and the Clowne.

Ies. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merry Devill,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousnesse;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducate for thee,
And *Launcelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenso, who is thy new Masters guest,
Give him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweet Iewe; if a Christian doe not play the Knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adiew, these foolish drops doe something drowne my manly spirit: adiew. *Exit.*

Ies. Farewell good *Launcelet*.
Alacke, what heinous sinne is it in me
To be asham'd to bee my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenso*,
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenso, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will slinke away in Supper time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.
Grat. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of Torch-bearers.
Salan. Tis vile unlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.
Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we have two houres
To furnish vs; friend *Launcelet* what's the newes.

Enter Launcelet.

Launcelet. And it shall please you to breake up this, it shall seeme to signifie.
Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ. *Grat.* Love, newes in faith.
Launc. By your leave sir. *Loren.* Whither goest thou,
Launc. Marry sir, to bid my olde Master the Iewe to sup to night with my new Master the Christian.
Loren. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Iessica*

I will

I will not faile her, speake it privatly.
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night,
I am provided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*
Salar. I marry, Ile be gone about it straite.
Salan. And so will I.
Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano*, at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence. *Salar.* Tis good we doe so. *Exit.*
Grat. Was not that Letter from faire *Iessica*.
Loren. I must needes tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages sute shee hath in readinesse:
If ere the Iewe her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake,
And never dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Vnlesse she doe it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse Iewe:
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faire *Iessica* shall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Iewe and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*;
What *Iessica*, thou shalt not gurmandize
As thou hast done with me: what *Iessica*,
And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparell out.
Why *Iessica* I say. *Clowne.* VVhy *Iessica*.
Shy. VVho bids thee call? I doe not bid thee call.
Clow. Your worship was wont to tell me,
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Iessica.

Iessica. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Iessica*,
There are my keyes: but wherefore should I goe?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feed upon
The prodigall Christian. *Iessica* my girle,
Looke to my house, I am right loth to goe,

There

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.
Clowne. I beseech you sir goe, my young Master
doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So doe I his.
Clowne. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday last, at sixe a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on ashwensday was foure yeare in th'afternoone.
Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me *Iessica*,
Locke up my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete,
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By *Iacobs* staffe I sweare,
I have no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me sirra,
Say I will come. *Clowne.* I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Iewes eye.
Shy. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* off-spring? ha.
Ies. His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.
Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile-slow in profit, and he sleepes by day
More then the wilde-Cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediatly,
Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast binde, fast finde.
A Proverbe never stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*
Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croste,
I have a Father, you a daughter loste. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salerino.

Grat. This is the penthouse under which *Lorenso*,
Desired us to make stand. *Saler.* His houre is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvell he out-dwells his houre,
For Lovers ever runne before the clocke.
Saler. O tenne times faster *Venus* pidgeons flye
To seale Loves bonds new made, then they are wont,
To keepe obliged faith unforfeited.
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth untread againe
His teadious measures, with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enjoyd.
How like a younger, or a prodigall,
The skarfed Barke puts from her native Bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind,
How like the Prodigall doth she returne
With over-weatherd ribbs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet wind?

Enter Lorenso.

Saler. Heere comes *Lorenso*, more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires, have made you waite:
When you shall please to play the theeves for wives,
Ile watch as long for you then: approch,
Here dwels my Father Iew. Hoe, whose within?

Iessica above.

Ies. Who are you? tell me for more certainety,
Albeit Ile sweare that I doe know your tongue.
Lor. *Lorenso* and thy Love.
Ies. *Lorenso* certaine, and my Love indeed,
For who love I so much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenso*, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witnesse that thou art.
Ies. Here catch this Casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:

But

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit:
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh,
To ſee me thus tranſ-formed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my Torch-bearer.

Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves goodſooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of diſcovery, Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd. *Lor.* So are you ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy; but come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the runaway,
And we are ſtayd for at *Baſſanios* Feaſt.

Ieſ. I will make faſt the doores, and guild my ſelfe
With ſome moe ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

Grat. Now by my Hood a Gentile, and no Iew.

Lor. Beſhrow me but I love her heartily.
For ſhee is wiſe, if I can judge of her,
And faire ſhee is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhee is, as ſhee hath proov'd her ſelfe:
And therefore like her ſelfe, wiſe, fayre and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule. *Enter Ieſſica.*
What, art thou come? on Gentlemen, away,
Our Maſking mates by this time for us ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Whoſe there?

Grat. Signior *Anthonio?*

Anth. Fie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you:
No Maſke to night, the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will goe abourd.
I have ſent twenty out to ſeeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight,
Then to be under-ſayle, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the Curtaines, and diſcover
The ſeverall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.

Mor. This

Mor. This firſt of gold, who this Inſcription beares,
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire.
The ſecond Silver, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth mee, ſhall get as much as hee deſerves.
This third dull Lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuſeth mee, muſt give and hazard all hee hath.
How ſhall I know if I doe chuſe the right?

Por. The one of them containes my picture, Prince,
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement; let me ſee,
I will ſurvay th'inſcriptions backe againe:
What ſayes this Leaden Casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This Casket threatens men that hazard all,
Doe it in hope of faire Advantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſayes the Silver with her Virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves: pauſe there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Lady:
And yet to be afraid of my deſerving
Were but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as I deſerve; why thats the Lady.
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then theſe, in love I do deſerve;
What if I ſtraid no farther, but choſe heere?
Lets ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold:
Who chooſeth me ſhall gaine what many men deſire;
Why thats the Lady, all the world deſires her,
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanian deſerts, and the vaſtie wildes

Of

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Of wilde *Arabia* are as through-fares now,
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The watrie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come,
As ore a brooke, to see faire *Portia*.
One of these three containes her heavenly Picture.
Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke so base a thought; it were too grosse
To ribb her seare-cloth in the obscure grave:
Or shall I thinke in silver shee's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalewed to tryde gold.
O sinfu'l thought, never so rich a Jem
Was set in worse then gold. They have in *England*
A Coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in Gold, but that's insculpt upon:
But heere an Angell in a golden Bed
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key,
Here doe I choose, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince; and if my forme lie there,
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we heare, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule?
Ile reade the writing.

All that glisters is not gold.
Often have you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my out-side to behold;
Guilded Timber doe wormes infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbes, in judgement old,
Your answere had not been inscrold.
Fare yee well, your suite is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adiew, I have too greev'd a heart,
To take a tedious leave: thus loosers part. *Exit.*

Port.

Port. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complection choose me so. *Exeunt.*

Act 3

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Sal. VVhy man I saw *Bassanio* under sayle,
VVith him is *Grationo* gone along;
And in their Ship I am sure *Lorenso* is not.

Sola. The villaine Jew with out-cries raisd the Duke,
VVho went with him to search *Bassanios* Ship.

Sal. He came too late, the Ship was under Saile,
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a *Gondylo* were seene together
Lorenso and his amorous *Iessica*.
Besides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his Ship.

Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outragious, and so variable,
As the dogge Iewe did utter in the streets;
My daughter, ô my Ducats, ô my Daughter!
Fled with a Christian, ô my Christian Ducats.
Iustice, the Law, my Ducats, and my Daughter,
A sealed bagge, two sealed baggs of Ducats,
Of double Ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And Iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my Daughter: Iustice, finde the girle,
Shee hath the stones upon her, and the Ducats.

Salar. Why, all the boyes in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his Stones, his Daughter, and his Ducats.

Solan. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Solar. Marry well remembred;
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday.
Who told me, in the narrow Seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried
A Vessell of our Countrey richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell *Anthonio* what you heare,

Yet

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Yet do not suddenly, for it may greeve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treades not the earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his returne: he answered, do not so,
Slumber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To Courtship, and such faire ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there,
And even there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke he onely loves the world for him,
I pray thee let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavinesse
With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Nerrissa* and a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter *Arragon*, his traine and *Portia*.

Por. Behold, there stand the Caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am containd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if you faile, without more speech my Lord
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Arra. I am enioynd by oath to observe three things,
First, never to unfold to any one
Which Casket twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right Casker, never in my life
To woo a maide in way of marriage:

Lastly, if I do faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arr. And so have I addrest me; fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I give or hazard.
What sayes the golden chest, ha, let me see,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'inheritour, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the Barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou silver treasure house,
Tell me once more what title thou doest beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:
And well said to; for who shall go about
To couzen Fortune, and be honourable,
Without the stamp of merit, let none presume
To weare an undeserved dignity:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the merit of the wearer,
How many then should cover that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour? and how much honour
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnisht; well, but to my choyse.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves,
I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlocke my fortunes heere.

Portio. Too

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Arag. VVhat's here! the pourtrait of a blinking Ideot,
Presenting me a Scedule: I will reade it.
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fooles head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures. *Arrag.* VVhat is here?

The Fire seven times tried this,
Seven times tryed that judgement is,
That did never choose amisse:
Some there be that shadowes kisse;
Such have but a shadowes blisse.
There be fooles alive I wis,
Silver'd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Arrag. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here:
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroth.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles, when they doe choose,
They have their wisdome by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiving goes by destinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young

A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'aproaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, (besides commends and curious breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seene
So likely an Embassadour of love.
A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Portia. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praysing him:
Come, come, *Nerryssa*, for I long to see
Quicke *Cupids* Post that comes so mannerly.

Nerrisso. *Bassanio*, Lord, Love if thy will it be. *Exeunt:*

Solanio and Salarino.

Solanio. Now what newes on the Ryalto?

Salari. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my Gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Solanio. I would she were as lying a Gossip in that, as ever knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeve she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*; O that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company.

Salari. Come, the full stop.

Solanio. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salari. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Solanio. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the Devill crosse my prayer, for heere he comes in the likenesse of a Iew. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants? *Enter Shyloke.*

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well, as you, of my daughters flight.

Salari. Thats certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor that made the wings she flew withall,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Solan. And *Shylock* for his own part knew the bird was fiidge, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damnd for it.

Salar. Thats certaine, if the Devill may be her Iudge.

Shy. My own fleſh and bloud to rebell.

Sola. Out upon it old Carrion, rebels it at theſe yeares.

Shy. I ſay my daughter is my fleſh and my bloud.

Solari. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, then between Jet and Ivorie, more between your blouds, then there is between Red wine and Renniſh: but tell us, do you heare whether *Anthonio* have had any loſſe at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the Ryalto, a beggar that was uſd to come ſo ſmug upon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me Uſurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian curſie; let him looke to his bond.

Salari. Why I am ſure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh, whats that good for?

Shyl. To bait fiſh withall, if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gaines, ſcorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reaſon, I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jew hands, organs, demenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions, fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame meanes, warmed and cooled by the ſame Winter and Summer as a Chriſtian is: if you prick us, do we not bleed, if you tickle us, do we not laugh; if you poyſon us, do we not die, and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge, if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility, revenge? If a Chriſtian wrong a Iew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example, why revenge? The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my Maſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Saleri. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, unleſſe the Devill himſelfe turne Iew. *Exeunt Gentlem.*

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*, haſt thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot find her.

Shylocke. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone coſt me two thouſand Ducats in *Franckford*, the curſe never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thouſand Ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her eare: would ſhe were hearſt at my foot, and the Ducats in her Coffin: no news of them, why ſo? and I know not whats ſpent in the ſearch: why thou loſſe upon loſſe, the theefe gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the theefe, and no ſatisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring but what lights a my ſhoulders, no ſighs, but a my breathing, no teares but a my ſhedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men have ill lucke to, *Anthonio*, as I heard, is in *Genowa*?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tuball. Hath an Argoſie caſt away comming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

Tuball. I ſpoke with ſome of the Saylers that eſcaped the wrak.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, heere in *Genowa*.

Tuball. Your daughter ſpent in *Genowa*, as I heard, one night foureſcore Ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtickſt a dagger in me, I ſhall never ſee my gold againe, foureſcoure Ducats at a ſitting foureſcore Ducats.

Tuball. There came divers of *Anthonio's* creditors in my company to *Venice*, that ſweare he cannot chuſe but breake.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Shy. I am very glad of it, Ile plague him, Ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tuball. One of them ſhewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out upon her, thou torture ſt me *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchelor: I would not have given it for a wilderneſſe of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, thats true, thats very true, go *Tuball*, ſee me an Officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: go *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traines.

Portia. I pray you tarry, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazzard, for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your company; therefore forbeare a while,
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not love)
I would not looſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality;
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detain you here ſome moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworne,
So will I never be, ſo may you miſſe me;
But if you do, youle make me wiſh a ſinne,
That I had been forſworn: Beſhrow your eyes,
They have ore-lookt me and divided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine own I would ſay: but if mine then yours,
And ſo all yours; O theſe naughty times
Puts barres between the owners and their rights.
And ſo though yours, not yours, (prove it ſo)
Let Fortune go to hell, not I.
I ſpeak too long, but tis to peize the time,

To eech it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chuſe,
For as I am, I live upon the racke.

Por. Upon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
Whut treaſon there is mingled with your love.

Baſſ. None but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me feare th'injoying of my Love,
There may as well be amity and life
Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

Por. I, but I feare you ſpeake upon the racke
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth.

Por. Well then, confeſſe and live.

Baſſ. Confeſſe and love
Had been the very ſumme of my confeſſion:
O happy torment when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance;
But let me to my fortune and the Caskets.

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerryſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloofe,
Let muſicke ſound while he doth make his choyſe,
Then if he looſe he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſique. That the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtreame
And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſique than? Then muſique is
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day.
That creep into the dreaming Bride-groomes eare,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſſe preſence, but with much more love
Then young *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, payed by howling Troy
To the Sea monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloofe are the Dardanian wives:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Go *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live with much, much more diſmay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets, to himſelfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;
How begot, how nouriſhed? *Replie, replie.*
It is ingendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the Cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring Fancies knell,
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelves,
The world is ſtill deceav'd with ornament:
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voyce,
Obſcures the ſhow of evill. In religion,
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſneſſe with faire ornament:
There is no voyce ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward ſearcht, have lyvers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
Which makes ſuch wanton gambals with the wind

Upon ſuppoſed faireneſſe, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the ſepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beauteous ſcarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore then, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatneſt then doſt promiſe ought,
Thy paleneſſe moves me more then eloquence,
And heere chuſe I, joy be the conſequence.

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhyddring feare, and green-eyed jealouſie.
O love be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure reine thy joy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
For feare I ſurfeit.

Baſſ. What find I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
Hath come ſo neere creation? move theſe eyes?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: heere in her haires
The Painter playes the Spyder, and hath woven
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faſter then gnats in Cobwebs; but her eyes,
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Me thinks it ſhould have power to ſteale both his,
And leave it ſelfe unfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underpriſing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
Doth limpe behind the ſubſtance. Heres the ſcrowle,
The continent and ſummarie of my fortune.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

You that chuſe not by the view
Chance as faire, and chuſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new,
If you be well pleaſd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a loving kiſſe.

A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receave,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applauſe and vniverſall ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
Whether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no:
So thrice faire Lady ſtand I, even ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Untill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee me Lord *Baſſanio* where I ſtand,
Such as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh
To wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelfe,
A thouſand times more faire, ten thouſand times
More rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends
Exceed account: but the full ſumme of me
Is ſumme of ſomething: which to terme in groſſe,
Is an unleſſon'd Girle, unſchool'd, unpracticed;
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learne: happier then this,
She is not bred ſo dull, but ſhe can learne;
Happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord

Of this faire manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queene ore my ſelfe: and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame my ſelfe
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, looſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.
Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud ſpeakes to you in my vaines,
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As after ſome Oration fairely ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude.
Where every ſomething being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this Ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to ſay *Baſſanio's* dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have ſtood by and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy, good joy, my Lord and Lady,
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh:
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
And when your honours meane to ſolemnize
The bargaine of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Even at that time I may be married to.
Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.
Grat. I thanke your Lordſhip, you have got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtres, I beheld the maid:
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermiſſion.
No more pertains to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune ſtood upon the Casket there,
And ſo did mine to as the matter falls:
For wooing heere untill I ſwet againe,
And ſwearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of love, at laſt, if promiſe laſt

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

I got a promise of this faire one heere
To have her love : provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistres.
Por. Is this true *Nerrissa?*
Ner. Madam it is, so you stand pleasd withall.
Bass. And do you *Gratiano* mean good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your mariage.
Gra. Weel play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
Ner. What, and stake down?
No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What, and my old *Venecian* friend *Salerio?*

Enter Lorenso, Jessica, *and* Salerio *from* Venice.

Bassa. Lorenzo and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome : by your leave,
I bid my friends and countreymen,
Sweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honour; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate me past all saying nay
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reason for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Bass Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sick my Lord, unlesse it be in mind,
Nor well, unlesse in mind : his letter there
Will shew you his estate. *open the letter.*
Gra *Nerrissa* cheer yond stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, whats the newes from *Venice?*
How doth that royall Merchant good *Anthonio?*
I know he will be glad of our successe,

We are the *Iasons*, we have wonne the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassanio's* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man : what worse and worse?
With leave *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,
And I must have the halfe of any thing
That this same Paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet *Portia*,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted Paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ranne in my veines, I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true : and yet deere Lady
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse then nothing; for indeed
I have ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie,
To feed my meanes. Here is a Letter Lady,
The Paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life bloud. But is it true *Salerio*,
Hath all his ventures fail'd, what not one hit?
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico* and *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the *Iew*,
He would not take it : never did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the ſtate
If they deny him Iuſtice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himſelfe, and the Magnificos
Of greateſt port have all perſwaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of Iuſtice, and his Bond.

Ieſſ. When I was with him, I have heard hiw ſwear
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his countrey-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio's* fleſh
Then twenty times the value of the ſumme
That he did owe him: and I know my lord,
If Law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poore *Anthonio.*

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Baſſ. The deereſt friend to mee, the kindeſt man,
The beſt conditiond and unwearied ſpirit
In doing curteſies: and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appeares,
Then any that drawes breath in *Italy.*

Por. What ſumme owes he the Iew?

Baſſ. For me three thouſand Ducats.

Por. What no more, pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond.
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a haire through *Baſſanio's* fault.
Firſt go with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by *Portia's* ſide
With an unquiet ſoule. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerriſſa*, and my ſelfe meane time
Will live as Maides and Widdowes; come away,
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet

Sweet Baſſanio, *my ſhips have all miſcaried, my Creditors grow cruell, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Iew is forfait, and ſince in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould live, all debts are cleerd between you and I, if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure, if your love do not perſwade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love! diſpatch all buſineſſe and be gone.

Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte; but till I come againe,
No bed ſhall ere be guilty of my ſtay,
Nor reſt be interpoſer twixt us twaine. *Exeunt.*

Solanio
Enter the Iew, and ~~Salerio~~, *and* Anthonio, *and the Iayler.* Act 4

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lent out money *gratis.*
Iaylor, looke to him.

Anth. Heare me yet good *Shylocke,*

Iew. Ile have my bond, ſpeak not againſt my bond,
I have ſworne an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog before thou hadſt a cauſe,
But ſince I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke ſhall grant me Iuſtice; I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.

An. I pray thee heare me ſpeak.

Iew. Ile have my bond, I will not heare thee ſpeake,
Ile have my bond, and therefore ſpeak no more.
Ile not be made a ſoft and dull eyde foole,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yeeld
To Chriſtian interceſſors: follow not;
Ile have no ſpeaking, I will have my bond. *Exit Iew.*

Sol. It is the moſt impenitrable curre
That ever kept with men.

An. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootleſſe prayers.
He ſeeks my life, his reaſon well I know;
I oft delivered him his forfeitures.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Many that have at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.
Sal. I am ſure the Duke will never grant
This forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of Law:
For the Commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be denyed,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate,
Since that the Trade and Profit of the Citie
Conſiſteth of all Nations. Therefore go,
Theſe griefes and loſſes hath ſo bated me
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Iaylor on, pray God *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, Nerriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and a man of* Portia's.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of gold-like amitie, which appeares moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you ſend reliefe,
How deere a Lover of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke,
Then cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do converſe and waſt the time together,
Whoſe ſoules do beare an equall yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lyniaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me thinke that this *Anthonio*
Being the boſome Lover of my Lord,
Muſt needs be like my Lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtowed

In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoule;
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty:
This comes too neere the praiſing of my ſelfe,
Therefore no more of it. heere other things
Lorenſo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and mannage of my houſe,
Untill my Lords returne: for mine own part
I have toward heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerriſſa* here,
Untill her husband and my Lords returne.
There is a Monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you
Not to deny this impoſition,
The which my Love, and ſome neceſſity
Now layes upon me.
Loren. Madame, with all my heart,
I ſhall obey you in all faire commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Ieſſica*
In place of Lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelfe.
So fare you well till we ſhall meet again.
Lor. Faire thoughts and happy houres attend on you.
Ieſſ. I wiſh your Ladiſhip all hearts content.
Por. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleaſd
To wiſh it back on you: fare you well *Ieſſica*. *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaſer*, as I have ever found thee honeſt true,
So let me find thee ſtill: take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all th'endevour of a man,
In ſpeed to *Mantua*, ſee thou render this
Into my couſins hand Doctor *Belario*,
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the Traneſt, to the common Ferry
Which Trades to *Venice*; waſte no time in word
But get thee gone, I ſhall be there before thee.
Baltha. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed.
Por. Come on *Nerriſſa*, I have worke in hand

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

That you yet know not of; weele see our husbands
Before they think of us?

Nerrissa. Shall they see us?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habite,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutred like young men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reed-voice, and turne two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speake of frayes,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not killd them:
And twenty of these punie lyes Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I have discontinued schoole
Above a twelve-moneth: I have within my minde,
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iackes,
Which I will practise.

Nerris. Why, shall wee turne to men?

Port. Fie, what a question's that?
If thou wert nere a lewd Interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device,
When I am in my Coach, which stayes for us
At the Parke gate: and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clow. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid upon the Children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwayes plaine with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheere, for truly I think you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Ies. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Clowne.

Clown. Mary you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Iessica. That were a kind of bastard hope in deed, so the sinnes of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Iessica. I shall be sav'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian?

Clow. Truly the more too blame he, we were Christians enow before, een as many as could well live one by another: this making of Christians wil raise the price of hogs, if we grow all to be pork eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Iessi. Ile tel my husband *Launcelet* what you say; here he comes.

Loren. I shall grow jealous of you shortly *Launcelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Iessi. Nay, you need not feare us *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tels me flatly there's no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jewes daughter: and he sayes you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in converting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of porke.

Loren. I shall answer that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting up of the *Negroes* belly: the Moore is with child by you *Launcelet*.

Clowne. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How every foole can play upon the word, I think the best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats; go in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner.

Clown. That is done sir, they have all stomacks.

Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit snapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clown. That is done too sir, onely cover is the word.

Loren. Will you cover than sir?

Clown. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellowes, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner:

Clown. For the table sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the meat sir, it shall be cover'd, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall governe. *Exit. Clown.*

Loren. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou *Iessica*?
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord *Bassanio's* wife?

Ies. Past all expressing, it is very meet
The Lord *Bassanio* live an upright life:
For having such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the joyes of heaven here on earth,
And if on earth he do not meane it,
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there must be something else
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Loren. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Iessi. Nay, but aske my opinion too of that.

Loren. I will anone, first let us go to dinner?

Iessi. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomack.

Loren. No, pray thee let it serve for table talke,
Then how so ere thou speakst, mong other things,
I shall digest it.

Iessi. Well, ile set you forth. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?

Anth. Ready,

Anth. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stony Adversary, an inhumane wretch,
Uncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Anth. I have heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate;
And that no lawfull meanes can carry me
Out of his envies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and an arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.

Salerio. He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Duke. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke, the world thinks, and I thinke so to,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice,
To the last houre of act, and then tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exacts the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But touch't with humane gentlenesse and love,
Forgive a moytie of the principall,
Glauncing an eye of pitty on his losses,
That have of late so hudled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant down;
And pluck commiseration of his state,
From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborne Turkes, and Tartars never train'd
To Offices of tender curtesie;
We all expect a gentle answer Jew.

Iew. I have possest your Grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbaoth have I sworne
To have the due and forfeit of my Bond,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chuse to have
A weight of Carrion flesh, then to receive
Three thousand Ducats: Ile not answer that,
But say it is my humour, is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleasd to give ten thousand Ducats
To have it baind? what, are you answerd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping Pig:
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat;
And others when the Bagpipe sings ith nose,
Cannot contain their Vrine for affection:
Masters of passion sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes, now for your answer:
As there is no firme reason to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig:
Why he a harmeless necessary Cat:
Why he a woollen bagpipe: but of force
Must yeeld to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loosing suite against him: are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.

Iew. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first?

Iew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee twice?

Anth. I pray you think you question with the *Iew*,
You may as well go stand upon the Beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his usuall height,
You may as well use question with the Woolfe,
Why he hath made the Ewe bleat for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven:
You may as well do any thing most hard
As seeke to soften that then which what's harder:
His Jewish heart? therefore I do beseech you
Make no more offers, use no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conveniency
Let me have judgement, and the *Iew* his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand Ducats here is six.

Iew. If every Ducat in six thousand Ducats
Were in six parts; and every part a Ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my Bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy rendring none?

Iew. What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchast slave,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them, shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their pallats
Be season'd with such viands: you will answer,
The slaves are ours, so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demaund of him,
Is deerely bought, as mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the Decrees of *Venice*:
I stand for judgement, answer, shall I have it?

Duk. Upon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Unlesse *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to day?

Sal. My Lord, here stayes without
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring us the Letters, Call the Messenger.

Bass. Good cheere *Anthonio*: what man, courage yet:
The Iew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of bloud.
Anth. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be imploy'd, *Bassanio*,
Then to live still and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerrissa.

Duke. Came you from *Padua* from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both: my L. *Bellario* greets your Grace.
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that Bankrout there.
Grat. Not on thy soule: but on thy soule harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettle can,
No, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keennesse
Of thy sharp envie: can no prayers pearce thee?
Iew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Grat. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accusd;
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That soules of Animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a Woolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Even from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet,
And whilest thou layest in thy unhallowed damme;
Infusd it selfe in thee: for thy desires
Are woolvish, bloudy, starv'd, and ravenous.
Iew. Till thou canst raile the seale from off my Bond,
Thou but offendst thy lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruine. I stand for Iustice.
Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer whether youle admit him.
Duke. With all my heart: some three or foure of you

Go give him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellario's* Letter.

Your Grace shall understand, that at the receit of your Letter, I am very sicke, but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a yong Doctor of *Rome*, his name is *Balthasar*: I acquainted him with the cause in controversie between the *Iew* and *Anthonio* the Merchant; we turned ore many books together, he is furnished with my opinion, which bettered with his own learning, the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces request in my stead. I beseech you let his lack of yeares be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head: I leave him to your Gracious acceptance, whose tryall shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And here I take it is the Doctor come.
Give me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?
Por. I did my Lord.
Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
Are you acquinted with the difference,
That holds this present question in the Court?
Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause,
Which is the Merchant here? and which the Iew?
Duke. Anthonio, and old *Shylocke*, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?
Iew. Shylocke is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the suite you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the *Venetian* Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. I, so he sayes.
Por Do you confesse the Bond?
An. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.
Shy. On what compulsion must I, tell me that?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Por. The qualitie of mercy is not ſtraind,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bleſt,
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His ſcepter ſhewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and majeſtie,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is above this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelfe;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt gods,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice: therefore Jew,
Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of juſtice none of us
Should ſee ſalvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that ſame prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mittigate the juſtice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict Court of *Venice*
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the Merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law,
The penalty and forfeit of my Bond:
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the ſumme if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore
On forfeit on my hands, my head, my heart;
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appeare
That malice beares down truth. And I beſeech you
Wreſt once the Law to your authority,
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell Devill of his will.
Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in *Venice*
Can alter a Decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an errour by the ſame example

Will ruſh into the ſtate, it cannot be.
Shy. A *Daniel* come to judgement: yea a *Daniel*,
O wiſe young Judge, how I do honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke upon the Bond.
Shy. Here 'tis moſt reverend Doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylocke, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven,
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoule?
No. not for *Venice*.
Por. Why this Bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claime
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off,
Neereſt the Merchants heart: be merciſull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the Bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Judge,
You know the law, your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound: I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well deſerving Piller,
Proceed to judgement: by my ſoule I ſweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me, I ſtay here on my Bond.
Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To give the judgement.
Por. Why than thus it is,
You muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge, O excellent young man.
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the Bond.
Iew. 'Tis very true: O wiſe and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy looks?
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſome.
Iew. I, his breaſt,
So ſayes the Bond, doth it not noble judge?
Neereſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo, are there ballance here to weigh the fleſh?
Iew. I have them ready.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Por. Have by ſome Surgeon *Shilocke* on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death.
Iew. Is it ſo nominated in the Bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſt, but what of that?
Twere good you do ſo much for charity.
Iew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the Bond.
Por. You Merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd;
Give me your hand *Baſſanio*, fare you well,
Greeve not that I am falne to this for you:
For herein Fortune ſhowes her ſelfe more kind
Then is her cuſtome: it is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingring pennance
Of ſuch miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonio's* end,
Say how I lov'd you, ſpeak me faire in death:
And when the Tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a Love:
Repent but you that you ſhall looſe your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt:
For if the Iew do cut but deep enough,
Ile pay it inſtantly with all my heart.
Baſſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it ſelfe,
But life it ſelfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would looſe all, I, ſacrifize them all
Here to this Devill, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, who I proteſt I love,
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Iew.
Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Iew. Theſe

Iew. Theſe be the Chriſtian husbands, I have a daughter,
Would any of the ſtocke of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather then a Chriſtian.
We trifle time, I pray thee purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame Merchants fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Iew. Moſt rightfull Judge.
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt,
The law alowes it, and the Court awards it.
Iew. Moſt learned judge, a ſentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſome thing elſe,
This Bond doth give thee here no jot of bloud,
The words expreſly are a pound of fleſh:
Take then thy Bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doeſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of *Venice* confiſcate
Unto the State of *Venice*.
Grat. O upright Judge,
Marke Jew, O learned Judge.
Shy. Is that the Law?
Por. Thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt have juſtice more then thou deſir'ſt.
Grat. O learned judge, marke Jew, a learned judge.
Iew. I take his offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.
Baſſ. Here is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew ſhall have all juſtice, ſoft no haſt,
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Grat. O Iew, an upright Iudge, a learned Iudge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou leſſe nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more,
Or leſſe then a juſt pound, be it but ſo much
As makes it light or heavie in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poore ſcruple, nay if the ſcale do turne

But

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

But in the eſtimation of a haire,
Thou dyeſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Grat. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Jew:
Now Infidell I have you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Iew pauſe, take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principall, and let me go.
Baſſ. I have it ready for thee, here it is.
Por. He hath refuſd it in the open Court,
He ſhall have meerely juſtice and his Bond.
Grat. A *Daniel* ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture
To be ſo taken at thy perill Iew.
Shy. Why then the Devill give him good of it?
Ile ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of *Venice*,
If it be prooved againſt an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He ſeek the life of any Citizen,
The party 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeaze on halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the privie Coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, 'gainſt all other voyce.
In which predicament I ſay thou ſtandſt:
For it appeares by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contrived againſt the very life
Of the defendant: and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearſt.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou maiſt have leave to hang thy ſelfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou muſt be hang'd at the States charge.
Duke. That

Duke. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth it is *Anthonio's*,
The other halfe comes to the generall State,
Which humbleneſſe may drive unto a fine.
Por. I for the State, not for *Anthonio*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtaine my houſe: you take my life
When you do take the meanes whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?
Grat. A halter *gratis*, nothing elſe for Gods ſake.
Anth. So pleaſe my Lord the Duke, and all the Court,
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: ſo he will let me have
The other halfe in uſe, to render it
Upon his death unto the Gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He preſently become a Chriſtian:
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the Court, of all he dies poſſeſt,
Unto his ſonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.
Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented Iew? what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well, ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſigne it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Grat. In chriſtning ſhalt thou have two Godfathers,
Had I been judge, thou ſhouldſt have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the Font. *Exit.*
Duke. Sir I intreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do deſire your Graces pardon,
I muſt away this night toward *Padua*,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Anthonio, gratifie this Gentleman;
For in my mind you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.
Bass. Most worthy Gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisedome been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in liew whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due unto the Iew,
We freely cope your courtious paines withall.
Ant. And stand indebted over and above
In love and service to you ever-more.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account my selfe well paid;
My minde was never yet more mercinary.
I pray you know me when we meet againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Deere sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You presse me farre, and therefore I will yeeld;
Give me your Gloves, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your love Ile take this Ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand, Ile take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This Ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but onely this,
And now me thinkes I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this then on the value;
The dearest Ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinks
You teach me how a begger should be answered.

Bass. Good

Bass. Good sir, this Ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor loose it.
Por. That scuse serves many men to save their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this Ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*
Anth. My L. *Bassanio*, let him have the Ring,
Let his deservings and my love withall
Be valued 'gainst your wives commandement.
Bass. Go *Gratiano*, runne and over-take him,
Give him the Ring, and bring him if thou canst
Unto *Anthonio's* house, away, make hast. *Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Anthonio.* *Exeunt.*

Act. 5

Enter Nerrissa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out, give him this deed,
And let him signe it, wee'l away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo.*

Enter Gratiano.

Grat. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My Lord *Bassanio* upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this Ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be;
His Ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylocks* house.
Grat. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:
Ile see if I can get my husbands Ring,
Which I did make him sweare to keep for ever.

Por. Thou

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall have old swearing
That they did give the Rings away to men;
But weel out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou knowest where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica. *(Exeunt.*

Lor. The Moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the *Trojan* walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Cressed* lay that night.
Iessi. In such a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.
Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Love
To come againe to *Carthage*.
Iessi. In such a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.
Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iew,
And with an unthrift Love did runne from *Venice*,
As farre as *Belmont*.
Iessi. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.
Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.
Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A

Messen. A friend.
Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend?
Mess. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be here at *Belmont*; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prayes
For happy wedlock houres.
Loren. Who comes with her?
Mess. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Master yet returnd?
Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him;
But go we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the Mistres of the house. *Enter Clowne.*
Clown. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho sola, sola.
Loren. Who calls?
Clown. Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, and M. *Lorenzo*, sola, sola.
Loren. Leave hollowing man, heere.
Clown. Sola, where, where?
Loren. Heere.
Clown. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning sweet soule.
Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming,
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend *Stephen*, signifie I pray you
Within the house, your Mistres is at hand,
And bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this banke,
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
Creepe in our eares soft stilnesse, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmony:
Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heaven
Is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst,
But in his motion like an Angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortall soules,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
With ſweeteſt tutches pearce your Miſtres eare,
And draw her home with Muſique. *Play Muſique.*
Ieſſi. I am never merry when I heare ſweet Muſique.
Loren. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hote condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any ayre of muſique touch their eares,
You ſhall perceave them make a mutuall ſtand,
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of Muſique: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh hard and full of rage,
But muſique for the time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no muſique in himſelfe,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoiles,
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Tenebris:*
Let no ſuch man be truſted: marke the muſique.

Enter Portia and Nerriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candle throwes his beames:
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the Moon ſhone we did not ſee the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dimme the leſſe,
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King,
Untill a king be by, and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: muſicke harke.
Ner. It is your muſicke Madame of the houſe.
Por. Nothing is good I ſee without reſpect,
Me thinks it ſounds much ſweeter then by day.

Ner. Si-

Ner. Silence beſtowes that vertue on it Madam.
Por. The Crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the Larke,
When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every Gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a Muſician then the Renne.
How many things by ſeaſon, ſeaſon'd are
To the right praiſe, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone ſleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awak'd.
Loren. That is the voyce,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia.*
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoe,
By the bad voyce.
Loren. Deere Lady welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands welfare,
Which ſpeed we hope the better for our words:
Are they return'd?
Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Meſſenger before,
To ſignifie their comming.
Por. Go in *Nerriſſa*,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica* nor you.
Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.
Por. This night me thinks is but the day light ſicke,
It lookes a little paler, tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sunne is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano. and their followers.

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walke in abſence of the Sunne.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavie husband,
And never be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
But God ſort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Baſſ. I thank you Madam, give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſenſe be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſie.
Grat. By yonder moone I ſweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gave it to the Iudges Clarke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Love ſo much at heart.
Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?
Grat. About a hoope of gold, a paltry Ring
That ſhe did give me, whoſe poſie was,
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*
Ner. What talke you of the poſie or the value:
You ſwore to me when I did give it you,
That you would weare it till your houre of death,
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave.
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You ſhould have been reſpective, and have kept it,
Gave it a Judges Clarke: no god's my judge,
The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.
Grat. He will, and if he live to be a man.
Nerriſſa. I, if a woman live to be a man.
Grat. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher then thy ſelfe, the Judges Clarke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wives firſt gift,
A thing ſtuck on with oathes upon your finger,
And ſo riveted with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him ſweare

Never to part with it; and here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworne for him he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world Maſters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of griefe,
And 'twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſweare I loſt the Ring defending it.
Grat. My Lord *Baſſanio* gave his Ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deſerv'd it too: and then the boy his Clarke
That tooke ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neither man nor maſter would take ought
But the two Rings.
Por. What Ring gave you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me.
Baſſ. If I could adde a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it: but you ſee my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even ſo voyd is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven I will nere come in your bed
Untill I ſee the Ring?
Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I againe ſee mine.
Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When naught would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.
Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthineſſe that gave the Ring,
Or your own honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring:
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleaſd to have defended it
With any termes of zeale, wanted the modeſty

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

To urge the thing held as a ceremony:
Nerriſſa teaches me what to beleeve,
Ile die for't, but ſome woman had the Ring.
Baſſ. No by my honour Madam, by my ſoule
No woman had it, but a Civill Doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring, the which I did denie him,
And ſuffered him to go diſpleaſd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my deere friend. What ſhould I ſay ſweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him,
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmere it: pardon me good Lady,
For by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.
Por. Let not that Doctor ere come nere my houſe,
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
And that which you did ſweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like *Argus*,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour, Which is yet mine owne,
Ile have that Doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his Clarke: therefore be well adviſd,
How you do leave me to mine owne protection.
Gra. Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then,
For if I do, Ile marre the young Clarks Pen.
Anth. I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.
Por. Sir, grive not you, you are welcome notwithſtanding.
Baſſ. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of theſe many friends
I ſweare to thee, even by thine own faire eyes,
Wherein I ſee my ſelfe.

Por. Marke

Por. Marke you but that;
In both mine eyes he doubly ſees himſelfe:
In each eye one, ſweare by your double ſelfe,
And there's an oath of credit.
Baſſ. Nay, but heare me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoule I ſweare
I never more will breake an oath with thee.
Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands Ring,
Had quite miſcarried. I dare be bound againe,
My ſoule upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more breake faith adviſedly.
Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety: give him this,
And bid him keep it better then the other.
Anth. Here Lord *Baſſanio*, ſweare to keep this Ring.
Baſſ. By heaven it is the ſame I gave the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me *Baſſanio*,
For by this Ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.
Grat. Why, this is like the mending of highwayes
In Sommer, where the wayes are faire enough.
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deſerv'd it?
Por. Speake not ſo groſly, you are all amaz'd;
Here is a Letter, reade it at your leaſure,
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario*,
There you ſhall find that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* here
Shall witneſſe I ſet forth as ſoone as you,
And even but now returnd: I have not yet
Entred my houſe. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I have better newes in ſtore for you,
Then you expect: unſeale this letter ſoone,
There you ſhall find three of your Argoſies,
Are richly come to harbour ſodainly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this Letter.

Ant. I

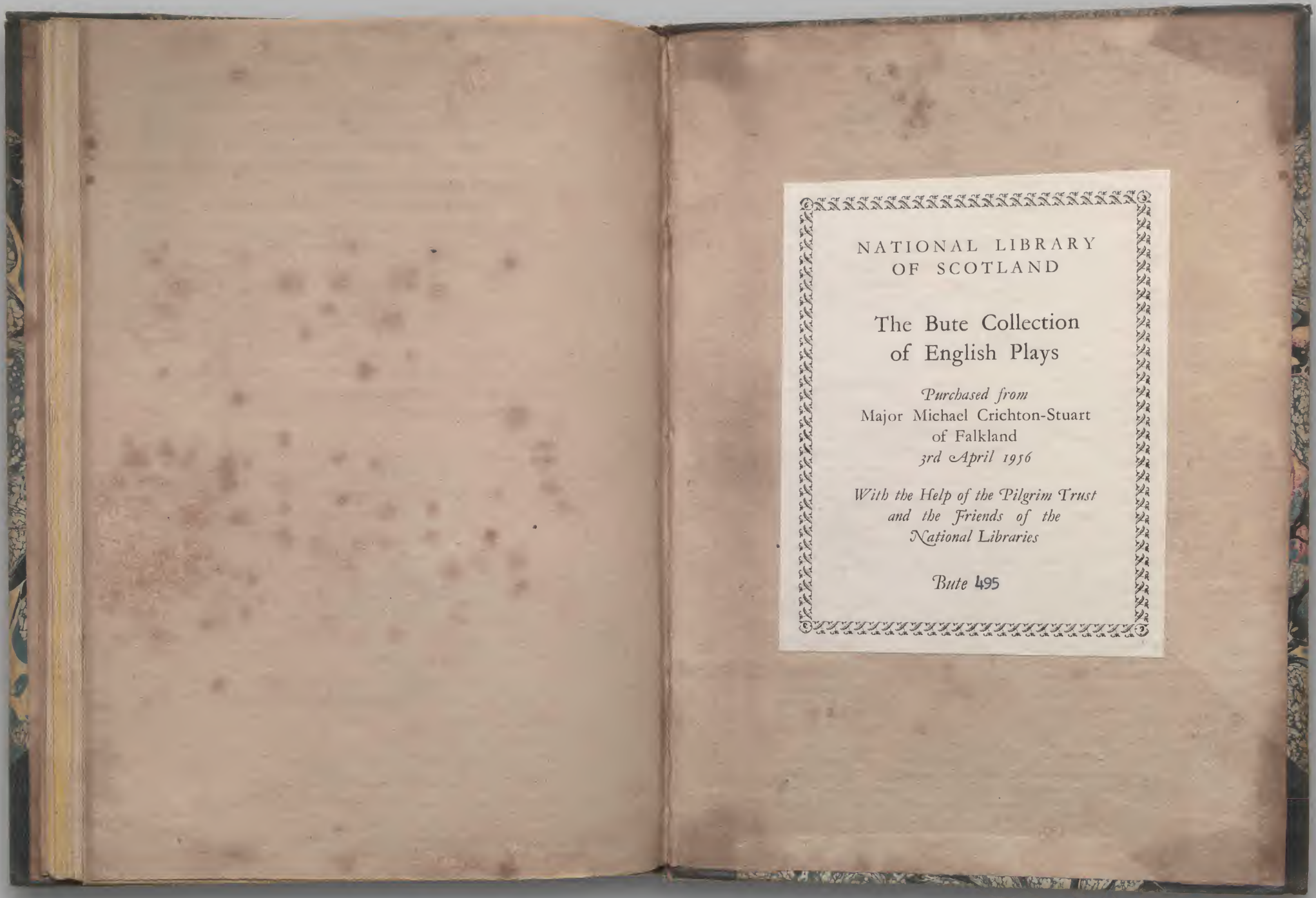
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo

Anth. I am dumb.
Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. I but the Clarke that never meanes to do it,
Unleſſe he live untill he be a man.
Baſſ. (Sweet Doctor) you ſhall be my bedfellow,
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.
An. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life and living;
For here I reade for certaine that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to Rode.
Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath ſome good comforts to for you.
Ner. I, and Ile give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and *Ieſſica*,
From the rich Jew, a ſpeciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſt of.
Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.
Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet I am ſure you are not ſatisfied
Of theſe events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.
Grat. Let it be ſo, the firſt intergatory
That my *Nerriſſa* ſhall be ſworne on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or go to bed now, being two houres to day:
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it darke
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I live, Ile feare no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Nerriſſa's* Ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.495) Octavo